
Title: Hell hath no Fury.. Part 1

Author: Shahrressa

"I would like to see my casket, if you please Milord," Shahrressa said to the neatly dressed banker. He wordlessly pulled forth a chest for her and she inserted a little iron key into the latch. It creaked slowly open on wide hinges, and shah began sorting through it for the item she wanted.

"Hola Shahrressa," came a cheerful voice from behind her. "It's good to see you today!" Shah turned to look at the speaker and smiled broadly.

"Shakti! It's good to see you too, you're looking well!" Shakti was Shahrressa's good friend and guildmate.

Dressed in scarlet from head to toe, the magess made an impressive entrance wherever she went.

"Aye, you're looking well as well," Shakti giggled over the pleasentries and then asked the banker to bring her own strongbox. The two ladies chatted while they rumaged through their items.

"I don't why I keep some of this junk in here," Shahrressa began, pushing a stray piece of white-blonde hair from her eyes.

"It's-- "

Suddenly a glowing
blue gate opened
behind them and three
foul-smelling orcs
stepped forth from
the void within.

"Get'er! Bahwo dat red
majik humie!"

Surprised,

Shahrressa pulled her
kryss from it's
sheath, even as shakti
began waveing her
hands for a spell.

"Unhand her you
foul fiends! Keep
your hands off her!"
she cried. One of the
greenish humanoids
had already clubbed
Shakti across the head
and she crumpled into
their arms.

Shahrressa's kryss
cut through nothing
but air, as they they
drug her into the gate
and winked out.

Shahrressa stood on
the site where the gate
had opened. It still
tingled with magic
energy. But the
creatures had taken
Shakti. Shahrressa
pounded the ground
with her fists in
frustration. On the
ground next to Shah's
hand was a crumpled
pice of parchment and
she picked it up.

Opening it, she knew
she had a clue; it was
a map. "I must take
this to Wolfgang," she
said. And clutching it
nervously to her
breast, "He'll know
what to do." In an
instant, useing what
little magic was at her
disposal, Shah gated
herself to the Urban
Knights guildhall, a
large stone structure
near the city of

Minoc. As luck would have it, Wolfgang her guildmaster was there. He listened to her tale with a grim face.

"Show me the map," he said. And Shah wordlessly handed it to him. He stroked his chin as he studied it.

"I have a feeling I know of these orcs. I have met them in battle before.. and so has Shakti."

It was a poorly drawn map. Simply a mountain to the north, a city to the southeast with a plain inbetween. With a great big 'X' marked on the mountain." It looks to be near Britain to me," Shah told Wolfgang.

Nodding he replied, "Well let's call the guild together and start our rescue mission."

Messenger birds flew forth from the guildhall, and before long eight knights had gathered. Six men and two women, all with fire in their eyes and revenge in their hearts. Upon hearing what had happened, they readied themselves to rescue their beloved guildsister, and to teach these orcs a lesson they would not soon forget. Grimly the mage, Civ Kid opened a gate and all went through single file. Shah acted as scout and kept looking to the map as reference as she led the group to the northwest.

Standing at the edge of
a large field, the salt
smell of the sea on the
breeze, Shah sighed
heavily. Then
conceded, "I'm afraid I
may have led us
wrong. There is no
coast on this map." She
could not hide the
frustration in her
voice and she
nervously ran her
hand through her
hair. Every wasted
moment meant that
Shakti was in the orcs
clutches that much
longer.

The mage Warlord
reached out his hand,
"Her Shah.. let me see
that map." After a
moments study, "I
know where this is.
It's just to the north
of us, and this 'X' is
over the dugeon they
call Despise."

Despise! Shahrressa
had heard tales of this
dungeon, but had
never ventured
there. It lay within
the Serpent's Spine,
just south of the
entrance to the
underground city of
Wynd. And was said
to be populated by the
foulest murderers
and criminals known
to the land. It was the
tainted opposite of the
Virtue of Compassion.
A fitting name for so
cruel a place. And
Shakti was held
prisoner inside..

With Warlord leading
the way they soon
found the place. The
Knights crept up on
the entrance. Staying
as silent as only
trained and seasoned
knights could.

Wolfgang stopped
their advance at the
edge of the forest
with a gesture.
Standing at the cave
mouth was a figure;
an orc wearing
ringmail and high
boots. The fould being
spat on the ground and
picked it's nose. The
waress Lilyth made a
disgusted face and
muttered something
under her breath. All
of them felt that the
sooner they rescued
Shakti, the better.
With a mighty battle
cry, eight knights
burst forth from
their cover as one,
killing the guard
before he could utter a
warning. Entering the
black hole of an
entrance, they found
three more waiting
for them. Grunting a
challenge to the
Knights, they
attacked. Darkness
lived within the
hole of Despise. It was
dark, dank and full of
rats. "Fah! Rats!" said
Moonknight in
disgust, kicking one
off the stairwell. "As
if orcs weren't bad
enough!"
Soon the the cavern
was filled with the
smell of burnt orc and
rat. Their way was
littered with the
carcasses as they
headed deeper into the
dungeon. The walls
literily dripped with
vermin- snakes,
scorpians, spiders,
and of course rats.
Only an orc would
find such a place
suitable for living.
Descending the stairs
as quietly as possible,

Civ Kid cast a spell
allowing the warriors
to see in the dark
caverns. The deeper
they went, the colder
the chill air became.
Streath was just
wondering aloud, how
deep below the
mountain were. when
they came upon a great
stone wall. It seemed
they had gone down
the wrong path! time
was running out and
most of the Knights
groaned in frustration
as they felt about the
great stone wall before
them.

Smiling slyly,
warlord told the group,
"Watch this." Pushing
a bit of moss out of the
way he revealed a
lever set into the wall.
After lacing his
fingers together and
flexing them
outwards, he grabbed
the lever and..

Blink

Thus ends Part 1.
Those of you present
for the original telling
may have noticed a
few changes. These
are due to available
space, and my poor
memory.. WH-Editor.